

# ELEGIE

On the Universally Lamented Death, of  
**DUNCAN RONNARD:**  
 Director Depute of the Chancelary, and Writer to his Ma-  
 jesties Signet.

Who died at EDINBURGH, August 1700.

**D** **T** His year at *Rome* the Jubilee doth stand;  
 But whether Death or Pope doth most Command,  
 My Querie! pray tell me Travler now,  
 Where Death inhabits, Reigns, and pays his vow!  
 If you can tell me, where this King do Lodge;  
 I'll be thy vassal, and thy forley Drudge.

**U** Death! Death! our Kings, our Queens, our Nobles all,  
 Our Knights, our Barrons, Lairds, by thee they fall;  
 Our *Dives*, *Lazrus*, *Senecas*, and *Lords*;  
 Can never scape thy deadly fatal Cords.  
 Why is it so! By hear us alone decree,  
 Men must be living, also men must die

**N** But ah! Death, now thou carries high thine hand,  
 Thou soars aloft; we cannot thee Command:  
 Thou shoot'st (like *Cupid*) Arrows from the Skyes,  
 Thou sends thy darts, as from the mortal Dies.  
 Ah me! why so! can nothing  
 Virtuous Dimonds never thee attract

**C** No, no, say'th Death: for why! my time is come,  
 My Scepter Crown, are old and Reign nigh run.  
 I'm but a vassal of the pow'rs above.  
 I must display the Banner of my love.  
 For Death's my name, a Lyon I must be,  
 Untill my day's be turn'd to Eternity.

**A** Now Judgements nigh, the World is near an end;  
 My Sword is sharpest when I must Defend,  
 My cause; and my Commission I display,  
 When dust I send to Dust their Natives clay.  
 So Querries are but idle, vain to thee;  
 Read Birth, Death, Judgement and Eternitie.

**N** For if I could have spar'd a Lov'ly Face;  
*Helen* of *Troy*, might damped me with Grace.  
 If Riches; *Cresus* might have brib'd me then;  
 If Grace or beauty, or the sons of men,  
 Then might I have had Thousands at my hand,  
 Of *Abfoloms*, and *Solomons* to stand.

If Learning *Cicero*, *Seneca*, these Wits,  
 Wou'd play'd me Musick, when I took my Fits,  
 Also well as *DAVID*; But no Harmonie  
 Can Wound Me; *Magick*, cannot Blind mine Eye.  
 Nay, Kings and Emperours are my *Trophies* still,  
 Who then can Bribe me, who has all at Will.

**R** Thy *DUNCAN RONNARD*, Depute of the *Rolls*,  
 The Keeper of Thy *Charters*, *Seafines*, *Scrolls*,  
 Might been Preserv'd, if Grace or Parts might do:  
 But who's the Man, I spare, of Candour, now.  
 Yes, weep ye may, ye *Scribes* and *Writers* throng!  
 But ye that Weep, must meet Me Ere't be long.

**O** Kindness of Nature, *Sympathie* Indites,  
 Our Mourning over *RONNARD*, and invites:  
 He was a Man of *Geniousness* and *Arts*,  
 Divine and Moral; Lov'd by Men of Parts.  
 What's more; He had the Popular Applause,  
 Of *Commons*, *Learning's*, *Enemies*, and *Foes*.

**N** He carri'd Civil in his *Post* and *Chaire*  
 Of Honour's District, void of Anxious Fear;  
 Content with Fortune, Providence's Decree,  
 And vain Ambition. ~~Empty did for~~ my Reg.  
 For fear of With'ring here among his Foes.

**A** Well spoke, O Death! Crown Me with Mortal Rayes,  
 Come, stay no longer, quickly cut My Dayes;  
 Since We must Pass to Heav'n through *Baca's* Vale,  
 Hoise Anchor, Death, set Mizons on thy Sail:  
 For Dye We must, before we come to be,  
 With *DUNCAN RONNARD* in Prosperitie.

**I** For We must walk by Faith, as *RONNARD* did,  
 And get Our *Charter-Party*, to be hid.  
 In Our *Recesses*: Pray'r must be the Key,  
 Love and Assurance, twofold *Charitie*.  
 Then *JESUS* Merits, *Jacobs* Ladder can,  
 Make *Scarlet Sins*, made whiter than a Swan.

**D** Death, Death, deny us Fate of Sudden Calls,  
 Seize but *Gradatim*, ere you break Our Walls;  
 Then Sound Thy Trumpet, as a *Jona* Shrill:  
 Our Bodies Yield, decay to Dust they will.  
 For Moulder Dwindle, and consume to Dust,  
 Men (Dust they are) Return to it they must.



*Hæc raptim & cursum Composuit,*  
 Mr. GEORGE DEMPSTER.

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